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THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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GREATEST EXHIBITION AMERICAN PAINTINGS

By JAMES HENRY MOSER.

Merry Christmas, children! Some of you look pretty large, but never mind. I intend, all the same, to confine this talk to the younger ones on our first visit to the art gallery. We shall see the greatest exhibition of up-to-date American paintings in this country this winter.

It is the Corcoran Gallery's "third biennial exhibition of oil paintings by contemporary American artists." A long name, I admit, but you must not forget it; and remember what you see there, too, for when you are grown men and women you will be proud to recall that you saw this epoch-making exhibition of native art.

Here we are in the stately vestibule. As we stand and view the interior, with its superb marble stairway, in the very center of the gallery, we are impressed by its massive proportions, architectural beauty, and dignified simplicity. With these venerable white sculptured masterpieces of Greek art about us, before we go upstairs where the pictures are, I wish to explain to you what "impressionism"—the new kind of painting—is, for you must understand something of it if you are to comprehend the differences between the "old school" and the "new school" of painting.

The pictures upstairs are almost all "new school," and the new-school artists are "impressionistic" painters—"plain air men" they are sometimes called—but that term is not so comprehensive.

Explaining Expressionism.

If, for instance, on a canvas is painted three round spots, two red and one yellow, against a background, the upper half of which is dark green and the lower half white, that might be an impressionistic picture of three apples, two red and one yellow, lying on a white tablecloth, and the wall paper behind them a dark green. Those two red and one yellow spots stand for the apples, and the green tint for the background and the white for the table cover. This impressionistic picture only tells a few facts:

The apples are circular and the wall green. The back of the table is a straight horizontal line. Two apples are red and one yellow, and the table cover white. Now, some artists think that quite enough to tell about the natural objects they are representing, while other artists, particularly the older school, would paint those apples, that table, and the background so lifelike you might think they were real and try to pick up the apples.

Painting things so real that they seem to exist right before you is very old-fashioned art, and considered unworthy nowadays, but when your parents were little children pictures painted so real were the only kind anybody tried to paint.

Change of "Art Fashions."

Hats and clothes go out of fashion and look so funny to us. Hats and clothes change fashions without reason, but for this change in the "art fashion" there is the very best of reasons. Good artists paint only the beauty they see in the things they look at—the beautiful forms, colors, hues, tints, and tones they see in nature, and do not try to make things so real that they are more full of reality than of beauty. We must be the judges of whether the artists here have been successful or not.

So, you see, impressionism and realism make mighty differences in pictures.

Furthermore, if artists painted nature only "dreadfully real" they would be nothing more than a lot of machines, and pictures would be as much alike as snapshots with a kodak in the hands of a novice. It is this ability to discover the beautiful in nature and suppress all that is not beautiful which lifts a painter from the class we call mechanics and places him with the great original poets and musicians.

Interpreters of Nature.

We call them "interpreters of nature," and when they show real genius for discovering beauty we say they are "inspired."

No one ever said that of Preyer, the famous German fruit painter, who painted a fly so natural on a grape leaf you would not believe it painted till you tried to brush it away, and failed. Nor of the man who painted pictures of "dollar bills" so real that you were sure that if the glass were removed, you would find the bill actually there. Such painters were skilled mechanics.

Among some of the old Dutch painters who painted with this minute mimetic skill, there were some few exceptions, who added to this perfect work, interpretation and qualities of color, which have imparted to their pictures a compelling and enduring charm.

Realism vs. Impressionism.

Do you see the difference between realism and impressionism? Well, there is just one thing more to be made clear before we ascend the beautiful stairway to where the eight galleries are filled with pictures—332 of them—and that is the "plain air school," which, after all the involved talk one hears, is nothing more than painting in a true, natural key—normal nature justifies these painters. Think of the brown, yellow tone, varnished oil paintings all had, until very recently. No one expected them to look otherwise until the great Frenchman, Monet, came along and painted straw stacks in the sunshine with blue shadows and skies as white as chalk.

Of course there was a great protest; but he was right. Nature did look that way, and of a sudden there was a great rush among the students and painters to go back to nature and begin all over again.

Notions of Good Art Discarded.

The notions about the old dingy, brown, amber-toned pictures—so many of the world's masterpieces among them—being good art was discarded. And what freaks some of these new painters did! It makes one shudder to think of them, but the movement was in the right direction and the pictures upstairs seem like hundreds of open windows looking out upon some of the loveliest scenes one ever beheld. And, as the best painters have only given us the beauty they saw and enough realism to make us forget that it is a painted canvas we are looking at, we are thrilled with delight and feel the joy known only in the open air in beautiful places.

It is the same with pictures of scenes indoors. The fresh, clear colors are true to the real atmosphere, and the smoky brown picture, that looks as though it were under a thick coat of molasses, is not to be found here. These here may become so in time, but the artists mean that their paintings shall at least start out frank and sincere statements of nature as she appears to them.

More Brilliant Tints.

To get their effects, many of these painters found that, by putting bits of color side by side, they could get more brilliant, vibrating, and beautiful tints than by mixing them together and making the color they wanted before putting it on the canvas. Some succeeded and many failed; but it is generally admitted that the most successful pictures are painted in that way.

The first picture we see as we arrive at the head of the stairway is "The Spanish Main." Those old-time ships riding the billows are serene as so many ducks on a pond, and so beautiful in color with the setting sunlight upon them. This is one of the few fine, old-fashioned "story pictures" in the whole display. It is full of romantic poetry. How Robert Louis Stevenson would have enjoyed this picture!

Soon Become Cultivated.

Forty years ago people all enjoyed pictures and strove to learn about art, because they enjoyed good pictures from the very beginning, and soon became cultivated. Now pictures are hard for the layman to understand, because artists paint only to please themselves and for a critical few who have made a study of painting.

There is nothing here so appealing as the famous picture, "Breaking Home Ties," by one of America's greatest painters, Thomas Hovenden, who lost his life trying to save a child from being run over by a locomotive. Greatly as we revere his memory for that noble deed, his death will always be regretted by lovers of good art. He was not an old man, and we may be sure he would have grown in skill and equaled the best painters of to-day.

Let us now turn to the left to the gallery, where Mr. William A. Clark's fine collection of pictures formerly hung. Yes; that Japanese umbrella with those two young ladies in white, sitting in its shadow, is fiery and discordant, but that is only a "stunt." Mr. Freisike is "showing off;" just trying to make us see how deceptive he can make his canvas. It is a refined kind of scene painting.

How to Look at a Picture.

No; before you go closer, first stand here and look through the doorway at the picture. Fold your right hand as though you were grasping a broom-handle, and in this "crimped up" shape, place your hand to your right eye, as if your hand were a short, hollow tube, closing your left eye, look through the hole in your little fist with the other, while you count ten. A fine thing to do with any painting you wish to see right. What happens? Why, you are startled to find that it seems to be a real outdoor scene in dazzling sunlight, and not a painted picture at all.

Mr. Freisike two years ago had a small canvas here, not more than two feet square, which was one of the choicest and most admired pictures in the whole show. He is indeed one of our most skillful painters, but this year his painting screams his skill and betrays his lack of taste.

Just to Look Beyond.

This "Garden Parasol" of Mr. Freisike is so very noisy one can hardly hear the melody and sweetness of many another song, sung just as well in this same room by singers just as skillful as Mr. Freisike.

For proof of this we have only to look beyond Mr. Freisike's picture to John W. Alexander's painting called "Sunlight," loaned to this exhibition by the Art Institute of Chicago. Here is a picture quite as big as "The Garden Parasol." A bit of sunlight falls upon the floor at the feet of a woman so simply clad and so very beautiful! Form, face, and costume are altogether lovely, and the color is so refined and harmonious! Note the simplicity of the composition; there are no distracting details. This is the most nearly faultless and altogether adorable picture in the whole collection.

See how little it really takes to make a great picture. One does not miss the things left out, and I am very sure I never should have found the woman herself, as she posed for the painter, so lovely as she appears in this masterful interpretation by America's greatest painter of women. Mr. Alexander is president of the National Academy of Design, the one great organization of artists in America.

A Star Picture.

Not far from this painting of sunlight hangs a small picture of a dear little girl in a Leghorn hat, called "Apple Blossoms," by Louis Betts, also owned by the Chicago Art Institute. The paint on this picture is put on almost roughly, but ten feet away it is so real, so unaffected. It is innocence itself, and as charmingly done as anything here. It is a "star picture." I did want so much to talk to you about all the pictures I like in this wonderful show.

You would like me to leave my catalogue with you, that you may go about and look at the things I have marked? Certainly; that is a capital idea. Here it is. I may add more marks, but you may be sure I like these already marked: Nos. 3, 7, 10, 11, 24, 37, 39, 52, 54, 57, 59, 70, 71, 72, 73, 88, 97, 120, 164, 179, 185, 208, 212, 226, 229, 232, 243, 265, 281, 282, 328, 329, 332, 126, 224, and 218.

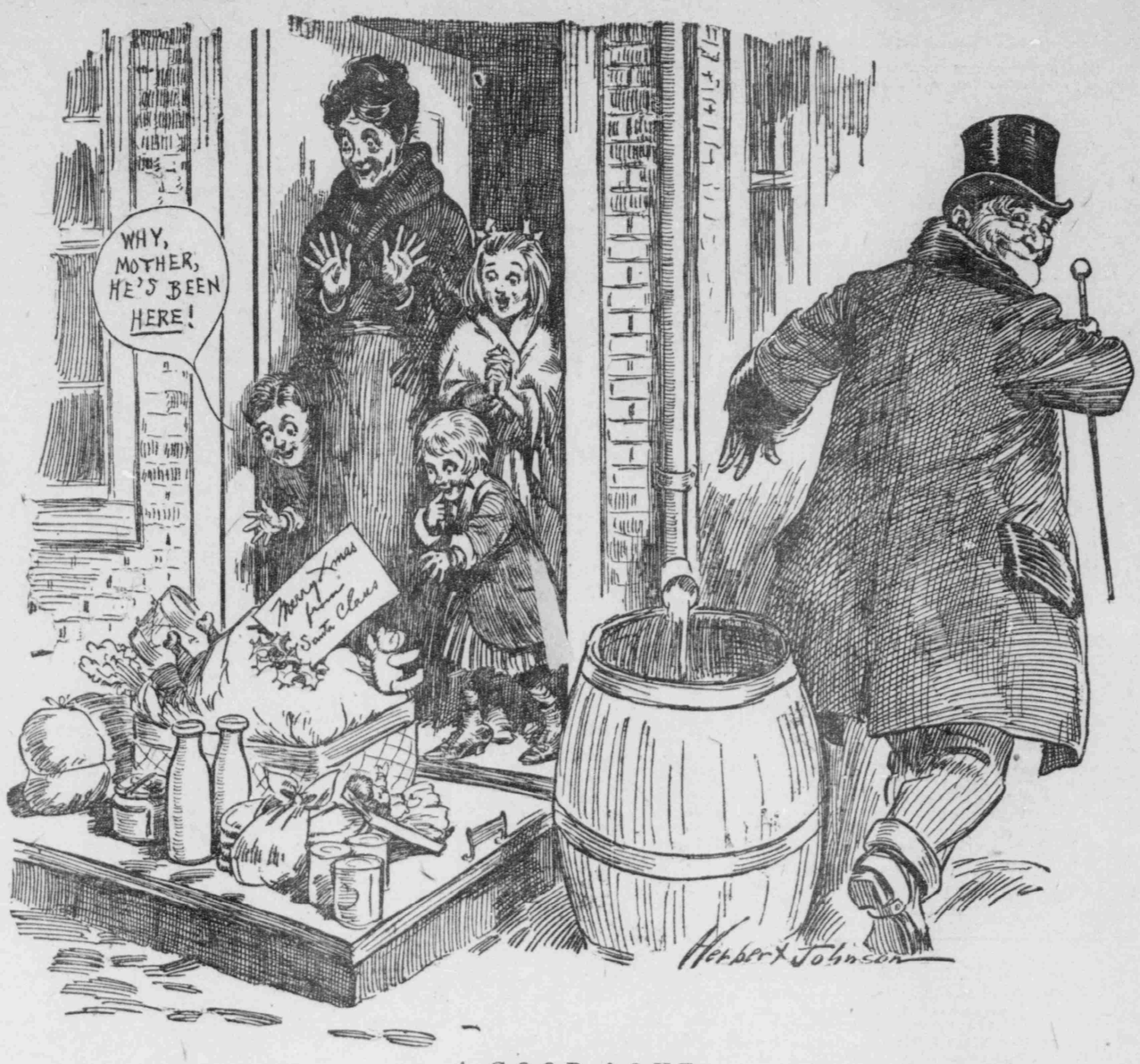
Before you seek out the pictures marked in my catalogue, first find the prize pictures—Nos. 11, 39, 120, and 10, for they are faultlessly painted, even the Childe Hassam, No. 11, which won the third prize of $1,000 and bronze medal. Although an example of extreme impressionism, it is still one of the most beautiful pieces of outdoor painting imaginable. This picture is all patches and dots of color, no one thing in it looking very real, but stand ten feet from the canvas, study it through your hand, and you will discover how perfect a unit it is; how like real out of doors. The woman and the two tiny children are enveloped in the warm spring sunshine of the city park and seem to be moving about as one looks at them.

The first prize of $2,000 and a gold medal was awarded to Edmund C. Tarbell's picture of home life, called "An Interior," No. 39. The second prize of $1,500 and a silver medal to Gari Melchers for his picture "Penelope," No. 120, also an indoor scene. The fourth prize, $500 and an honorable mention, was awarded an outdoor picture photographically real, called "An April Lanuscape," No. 10, by Daniel Garber.

Duke and Hymn Compiler.

From the London Chronicle.

The Duke of Norfolk, upon whom Pope Pius X has just conferred the Order of the Golden Spur, is the compiler of a collection of hymns and the builder of a cathedral. Both are associated with the word "Arundel," the title of his ancestral castle in Sussex. The "Arundel Hymns" have a prefatory letter of approbation from the late Pope Leo XIII, addressed to "Our dear son, Henry, Duke of Norfolk." As regards "Arundel Cathedral," the name gratuitously bestowed upon the large and beautiful church of St. Philip Neri, under the shadow of the castle, by the printers of the local pictorial postcards, it is, of course, not technically a cathedral, but the future Bishop of Arundel, upon whom the duke has cast a prophetic eye, will start with the advantage of a ready-made cathedral.



A GOOD JOKE
And anybody can play it.

ALL FOR THE SAKE OF SOCIAL APPEARANCE

A SHORT STORY.

War had waged long and loudly between Maysie Densmore and her mother, and at length, after what Maysie irreverently termed the "Crusade of the Chaperon" had been fought until neither of the combatants had the necessary breath or temper to continue it, Maysie gave her ultimatum and hoisted her flag of independence.

"I am twenty-six, mother, and I am tired of being continually ridden on the curb," she said, with an angry light in her eyes. "If I take the bit between my teeth and bolt, you will have no one but yourself to thank for it."

"What do you mean, child?" returned Mrs. Densmore crossly. "I wish you would not derive your similies from the stable."

"Do you?" said Maysie indifferently. "Well, now, I am going to derive my pleasure from there also. I have taken a little cottage in the Bicester country, and I am going there with my three horses, and shall take Brown to look after them, and Clarice to look after me. If I get smashed up, Brown will wire to you, and you know you will enjoy a few weeks with some nice friend who will not continually upset and annoy you as I seem to do."

"Maysie, I cannot countenance this mad scheme," said Mrs. Densmore indignantly.

"The chaperon on the warpath again," murmured Maysie to herself. Turning to her mother, she said quietly: "It is all settled, mother; I go to Rosemary Cottage next week." Then she added a little wistfully: "I wish we got on better. I do love you dearly, only—well, I think we are better friends apart."

"You are an ungrateful girl, Maysie," said her mother, ignoring the appeal in her daughter's voice. "If harm comes of your willfulness, do not blame me." And having freed herself from responsibility and obtained the last word said to be so dear to the feminine heart, she sailed majestically from the room.

These two had never been able to go through life quietly together. Mrs. Densmore was cold and selfish, and had nagged at her easy-going Irish husband until he had closed his tired eyes with a sense of relief on a disappointing world. Then she continued the same system of everlasting fault-finding with her daughter, and the girl, who inherited her father's warm-hearted, impulsive nature, in addition to his curly black hair and blue eyes, was sometimes nearly distracted between her desire to be good to her mother and to have a cessation of the friction which was spoiling her life.

She had money of her own, and now she had decided upon what she fancied was a happy compromise. She would have a few weeks of real freedom and enjoyment at Rosemary Cottage and would then return to Portland Place refreshed by her respite and would take up the threads of her life where she had dropped them.

At the end of the week Maysie found herself, with a delicious thrill of excitement, entering into possession of the dainty little hunting-box. Everything seemed delightful, and the cook and housemaid, who had been left at the house, welcomed her with smiling faces.

The people who lived at the Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Hilston, were friends, more of her mother's than herself, and Maysie did not particularly want to renew the acquaintance; but when she was out the following morning she met the two Miss Hilstons.

They were sedate, conventional girls, and Maysie felt instinctively that they would regard her appearance on the scenes without a chaperon as positively improper. She hoped that there would be no necessity to allude to her absent parent, but May Hilston began at once:

"How is your dear mother, and how does she like being here?"

"She has hardly tried it yet," said Maysie, with rising color.

"No, of course," put in Kitty Hilston. "You have only just come. Mamma would so much like to call on Mrs. Densmore; when shall we find her in?"

"Well, just now I am afraid you could not see her," said Maysie feverishly. "You see, she—she has neuralgia and so she doesn't go out or see visitors."

The Hilstons expressed their regret and begged Maysie to come up to tea that afternoon, which she recultantly promised to do.

She did not want to shock her mother's friends and get into fresh disgrace thereby. Having allowed the Hilstons to fancy that she was not alone at Rosemary Cottage, she found herself obliged to continue her wanderings from the path of truth.

When she made her way to the Hall in the afternoon she found a tall, good-looking man in sole possession of the drawing-room.

"You are Miss Densmore?" he said, rising to greet her. "My name is Hilston, and my aunt has begged me to make her apologies. She and the girls may be a little late; they have gone to a mothers' meeting."

There was a little twinkle in his eye as he made the last announcement which pleased Maysie. What a jolly, sporting-looking man! she thought—very different from the rest of the family.

She sat down by the glowing fire, and soon they were chatting like old friends, and Maysie learned that her companion was a major in a dragoon regiment, and was as keen on hunting as she herself. He seemed unaffected and cheery, and the girl liked him and was sorry when the entrance of Mrs. Hilston put an end to their tete-a-tete.

Once more Maysie had to endure much questioning about her mother, and was intrusted with many sympathetic messages for her and a bottle of painkiller in which Mrs. Hilston had great faith.

"Tell dear Mrs. Densmore to use it without delay; we are longing for her to be well enough to see us," was Mrs. Hilston's parting remark.

"Thanks so much," said Maysie; "I will try and persuade mother to try your remedy, but her neuralgia always lasts for weeks."

"That was an inspiration," she told herself gleefully as she made her way back to the cottage. "In a few weeks I shall leave, and if mother is ill they will not expect to see her."

The next day Maj. Hilston was at the meet, and he gave Maysie a lead, and was delighted to find how straight she rode. They killed near Rosemary Cottage, and he asked her if he might come in and pay his respects to Mrs. Densmore.

"Oh, yes," Maysie assented; "she will be delighted to see you if she is well enough.

But when the two arrived it was evident that Mrs. Densmore was not well enough, for she never appeared.

The following day was a disappointing one to Maysie, for there had been a heavy fall of snow in the night and hunting for the present was out of the question. She sat over her fire, and it must be confessed that her thoughts flew rather frequently to her new friend.

"I am sure he would be furious at being taken in," she reflected dejectedly. "What a shame it is that one should have to tell so many lies for the sake of appearances!"

At this point her meditations were interrupted by the parlor maid, who announced "Maj. Hilston."

"I thought you might be dull, and I wondered if you would care to come out in my sleigh," he said.

The girl's blue eyes sparkled.

"I should love it," she said eagerly. "How good of you."

"Can your mother spare you?" inquired the man with a slight trace of surprise in his voice. "She is awfully unselfish."

"Yes, she is," said Maysie. "She's probably asleep now, so I will just leave a message with the servants to say I've gone."

That drive was followed by many others, and had it not been for sundry pricks of conscience Maysie's pleasure would have been complete. One day, as they were returning to the cottage, the major said laughingly:

"Do you know, I heard such an odd thing from my valet last night; he says you are alone, and that Mrs. Densmore is in town. I believe your mother is a myth, Miss Densmore."

"Oh, no," said poor Maysie, "I assure you, she is a very substantial reality. You do believe me, don't you?"

"Of course, I was only chaffing," replied Maj. Hilston, wondering a little at her agitation. "No one in their senses would imagine for a moment that a girl like you was alone without some chaperon."

"Why not?" Maysie flashed out.

The major hesitated.

"You are too pretty and too fascinating," he added in a lower tone.

Maysie blushed, and her fingers played nervously with the long fur of the rug across her knees. She did not ask her companion in when they reached Rosemary, and he turned the horses' heads toward the Hall with a feeling of intense disappointment. He knew that he was desperately in love with Maysie, and after much anxious deliberation dispatched the following note:

Dear Miss Densmore: I am anxious to see your mother on a matter which is to me of the greatest importance. Will you ask her when she will grant me an interview? Sincerely yours,

TOM HILSTON.

When it reached Maysie she stared at it in great dismay, and then, with a naughty little smile, she dashed off her reply:

Dear Maj. Hilston: My mother desires me to say that she will be in and pleased to see you at 4:30 to-morrow. Sincerely, MAYSIE DENSMORE.

* * * * * * *

"Every girl her own chaperon," said Maysie as she critically surveyed her reflection in the glass. "What a mercy Clarice packed my 'property' box; I make an excellent replica of the mater."

She pulled down the gray side curls of her wig, adjusted her spectacles, and, throwing a shawl over her voluminous black silk dress, descended to the drawing-room, which was, by her orders, dimly lighted, and seated herself in a large armchair. Her heart beat fast as Maj. Hilston was announced and came toward her.

"I am pleased to meet you at last," she said in an old, rather quavering voice. "Will you come near the fire?"

"Thanks; I think it is always pleasant after driving," he replied, taking the chair she indicated. He was evidently nervous, and after a few commonplace remarks about the weather, he asked suddenly: "And Miss Densmore, shall I see her to-day?"

"My daughter is very busy at present, but you will certainly see her this afternoon," the old lady assured him.

A prolonged silence followed, which was broken by the man, who said abruptly:

"Mrs. Densmore, I love your daughter."

"Oh, Maj. Hilston!" cried Maysie in an excess of shyness.

"Confound it," reflected the man, "she is so coy. I hope she's not deaf, and doesn't think I've fallen a sudden victim to her charms."

"Your daughter is the only woman I shall ever care for," he continued. "Have I your permission to speak to her? You know who I am, and my means, I think you will say, are ample."

"No, no, please stop," said the old lady.

Tom stared at her in amazement. "I do not quite understand," he remarked. "Is Miss Densmore already engaged?"

"No, she is not, and now she never will be," said Maysie tearfully. "Oh, what a little fool I've been," she thought, "and I simply dare not tell him."

"Quite mad," thought her companion. "Poor little Maysie. So that's why she kept her mother out of the way."

"Of course," he replied soothingly, "it is most unlikely, but I might, perhaps, mention the subject."

"I really do not see why you should so sweepingly say 'It's most unlikely,'" was her indignant and somewhat surprising rejoinder.

"Poor soul, I wish she would not get so angry," thought Tom anxiously. "Mrs. Densmore," he said seriously, "Maysie is perfect."

"Oh, no, she is not, indeed," began Maysie—when the door was thrown open and Clarice rushed in, turning on the electric light as she did so.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," she said, "I came to look for Ponto; he is, I fear, lost," then, as her eyes rested on the figure in the armchair, she became convulsed with laughter and fled from the room.

"Mademoiselle!" echoed Maj. Hilston.

"Yes," said Maysie in her natural voice and throwing off her wig. "You said I must have a chaperon here, so I had to manufacture one."

"I don't understand," replied Tom. "What does it mean?"

"Well, just this: Mother and I do not get on over well, and I came here for a rest. Then you all seemed to expect her to be on the premises, so I had to pretend she was. It has worried me dreadfully," she continued pathetically.

"Poor little girl," said her companion tenderly. "Maysie, I've told you once this afternoon that I love you. Can you care a little for me?"

"Oh, Tom, I do," she replied softly, "and you do not mind that mother is not here?"

"Candidly, I hardly think I do," said Tom cheerfully as he bent and kissed the pleading face that was raised to his.

THE HARD PATH.

(It is so easy to be clever.—Edwin Pugh.)

I will not choose the easy way
Which leads to smallness ever,
And yields not those rewards which pay
Endeavor.

For me the mountain's rugged path,
On native strength reliant,
Although there issue from each Gath
A giant.

With me be hardship, toil, and strife,
And effort ever present,
With everything there is in life
Unpleasant.

For thus, and only thus, can I
Be fit to set an earth right,
And thus accomplish my
True birthright.

Then shall I (though 'tis wrong of me
To paint so fair a lily,
I'll do it)—take the crown for being
silly.

A. W. B.

THIS MAN LED A COMPLETED LIFE

The death of John Morrison-Fuller in Glasgow, Mo., announced recently, deserves more than passing notice, his career have been heavily charged with lessons for the young and old.

A wise performance of Mr. Morrison-Fuller was the acquirement of a fortune—the lesson of which is that it facilitated the series of wise performances that followed.

Acquiring a wife, Mr. Morrison assumed her name, thereby allowing himself to be absorbed, as it were, by his "in-laws" and obliterating all possible cause for differences with them or with their daughter and sister, to whom he had attached himself.

Eager for a place at which to "loaf," and suspecting that he was no longer persona grata at a bank where he had been accustomed to rest his heels on the stove on a cold morning and expectorate in the sandbox near by, he established a bank of his own in Glasgow, where no obstacle to his loafing could be raised by an obdurate and bumptious board of directors.

His town having voted for local option, Mr. Morrison-Fuller proceeded to establish a saloon of his own, where all his friends were allowed free drinks. Thus he was relieved of the bother of having his colored friends and dependents accost him in the street and ask the loan of a quarter wherewith to buy a few pounds of sugar and coffee for "the ole ooman."

With these conveniences, Mr. Morrison-Fuller found that he suffered still from a vague, indefinable want, and suddenly its nature dawned upon him. He needed a newspaper, as does every gentleman of independent habits of mind, and he proceeded to set it up and pull the throttle. This was the wisest and most philosophical of all Mr. Morrison-Fuller's actions. No rational man can be expected to agree with and not to resent the opinions of an editor whom he doesn't own and operate and that Mr. Morrison-Fuller fully discerned. A gentleman of parts and cultivated tastes would better try to live without a valet or a bathtub than without a newspaper—the latter being a necessity, while the two former are essentially luxuries.

Having successfully blotted out all potential cause for trouble with his in-laws and his spouse by unconditional, if nominal, surrender to them, Mr. Morrison-Fuller solved the problem of complete living by equipping himself with a saloon, a bank, and a newspaper. How eminently sound his discretion by contrast with those who buy a cow, an automobile, and a pointer dog!

The last international geological congress estimated the world's supply of iron ore at 22,768,000,000 tons, of which 12,032,000,000 tons are in Europe and 9,855,000,000 tons are in America.

URGES PEACE CENTER

Writer Wants International Park in Capital.

PERMANENT EXHIBITS SOUGHT

In Addition to Buildings with Commercial and Industrial Exhibits from Nations of World, Individual States of Union Could Have Buildings—Would Arouse No Jealousy.

(Written for The Washington Herald.)

Peace is becoming a universal theme, and as a popular fad nothing better could be devised. Soon we shall be celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of cessation of hostilities between the States of our Union, and about the same time will occur the centennial of peace between the United States and Great Britain. Opportunely, too, and inviting an additional celebration, comes the completion of the Panama Canal, and the triple occasion of rejoicing occurs in 1915.

And now comes that most genial and liberal of givers, Andrew Carnegie, with ten million dollars to weed out war—the sinews of warfare against war. Truly, the times are heavy with big things, and Washington is fast growing into a world center; for it is hardly to be supposed that all these mighty events can take shape very far from our National Capital, the administrative city of the most progressive government on earth.

Commerce and peace will be found hand in hand through the coming years. Good trade relations will tend to keep down wars. A realization of this truth makes men call Mr. Carnegie's newly donated home for the Bureau of American Republics "a temple of peace." How much more effective would be an assemblage of such buildings at Washington, representing, individually, the foreign powers with whom we deal for the establishment and preservation of international peace. Mr. Carnegie has done wonders, but he cannot, and should not, do it all. Let all nations who are interested lend a hand to make the city of Washington a center of world peace by contributing the best they can spare for that purpose.

Union of All Mankind.

Let our government set aside at least 1,000 acres at or adjoining Washington as an international park, sacred to the uses of all our States and of all foreign governments who wish to participate, in order that they may erect lasting structure at our Capital, dedicated to their commerce, art, history, literature, and every useful interest. We shall then be united to all mankind with ties of silver and gold; the silver of commerce and the gold of lasting friendship and good will. The fact that an American Congress had offered the use of ground at the Capital for such a purpose would create a profound and happy effect throughout the world. The experiment is eminently worth trying.

The proposition to secure representative buildings with commercial, industrial, and other appropriate exhibits of a lasting nature at our National Capital is rapidly growing in favor. Commercial bodies in Virginia have passed resolutions calling upon their legislature to provide funds for the erection of a Virginia building at Washington, and other States are reported to be getting into line on the scheme. The committee on industrial interests of the Washington Board of Trade has voted unanimously in favor of calling upon Congress to provide suitable land for the State buildings. The governor of Maryland, the mayor of Baltimore, the chamber of commerce of that city, as well as many prominent citizens, are insisting that Washington is the place for holding the Panama Canal celebration, and some of them want it to be a permanent affair, with a Maryland building exhibit on the grounds for all time.

Would Arouse No Jealousy.

There is no room for sectional strife in this scheme. All parts of our country, including the Gulf and Pacific cities and States, can unite on Washington without arousing any jealousy. And it is the same with foreign nations. The triple celebration above mentioned will soon be upon us, and it should be the occasion for laying the foundation for a permanent colony of business and representative buildings and exhibits at Washington. In the center of this great assemblage of trade and art temples is the place for the establishment of a world's tribunal of peace.

That all this is possible, and even within the reach of this generation, the writer fully believes. Let Congress purchase 1,000 acres for a foundation for a movement of this kind. That will give great heart and weight to the enterprise and insure its success. Let the Board of Trade of Washington City do its full duty in laying the matter of State buildings at Washington before the leading commercial bodies of the various States, as recently suggested by Mr. Louis P. Shoemaker, the author of the State building idea, asking their co-operation and advice. A favorable response from a majority of such bodies would have great weight with Congress, and practically assure the success of this scheme. Then, with the almost certain participation of the foreign nations, "World Washington" would be in sight, and with the help of Mr. Carnegie we might see laid some day at our Capital City the foundations of a capital and supreme court for all mankind.

LINDSAY S. PERKINS.

Fate of the Right-hand Glove.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

There is not a more desolate thing on earth, one would imagine, than the masculine right-hand glove. If inanimate objects could but think and suffer. Every man will put on the left-hand glove, but keep his right hand free to grapple with coins and umbrellas and the intricacies of life. Away goes the right-hand glove into the pocket or the drawer. And while thousands of left-hand gloves are worn and loved, equal thousands of right-hand gloves are cast into outer darkness. What becomes of them? What man wants the right-hand glove?

In weather when even thick gloves fail to keep the cold from one's finger-tips, surely a man may be pardoned an envious glance at the big, cozy muffs of the women. In former times men did not suffer this disadvantage. When first introduced into England, some 300 years ago, muffs were worn by both sexes without distinction, and they were affected by the "dandies" until the close of the eighteenth century. In Pepys' time a muff was considered an indispensable part of the attire of a man about town.

City People Defined.

From the Burlington Free Press.

There are two classes of people in a city, those who are continually working to promote the interests of the people as a whole and those who are continually "working" the people as a whole for the promotion of their own interests.